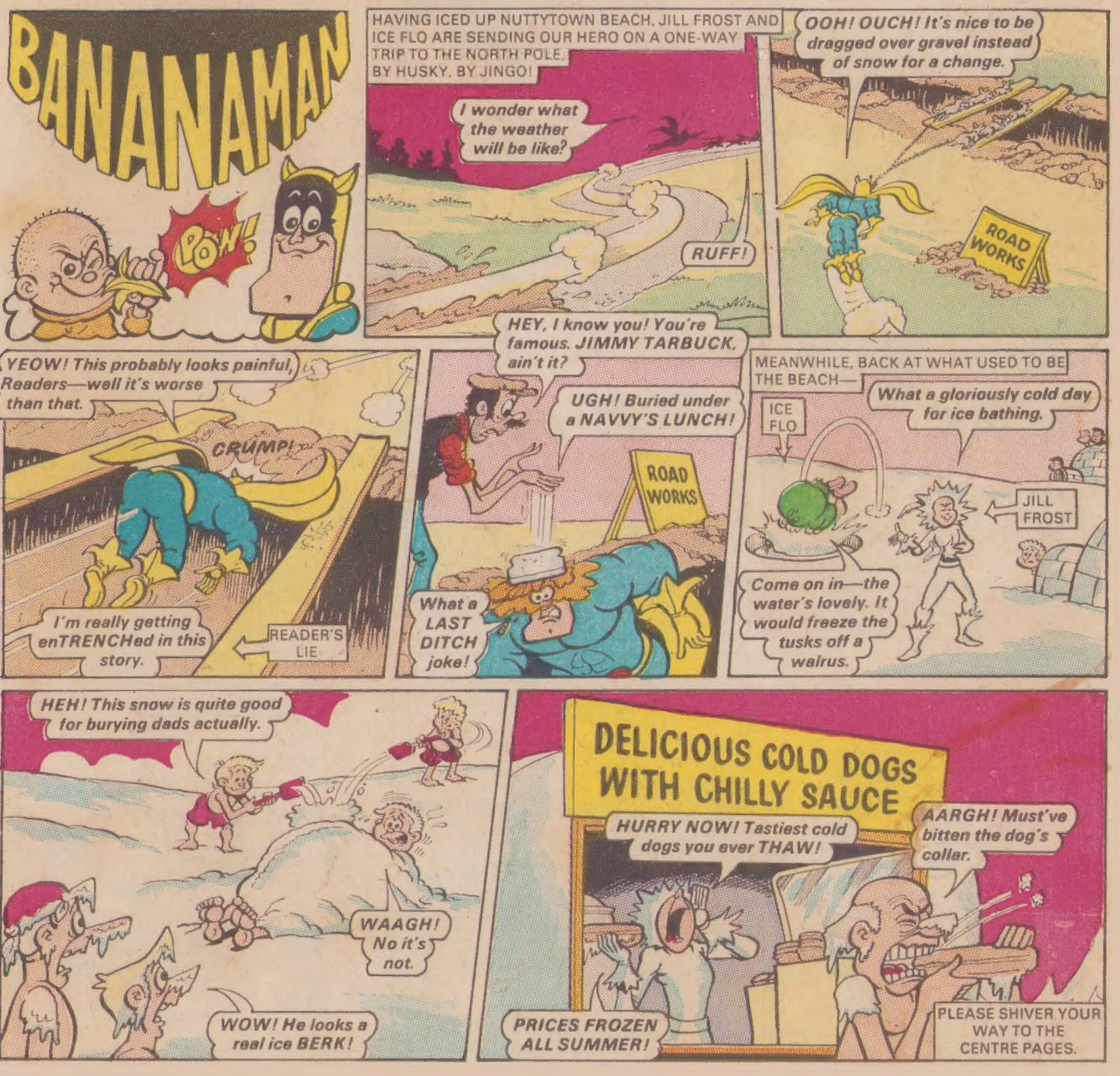
BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

NUTTY

IR-20½p (Inc. VAT)

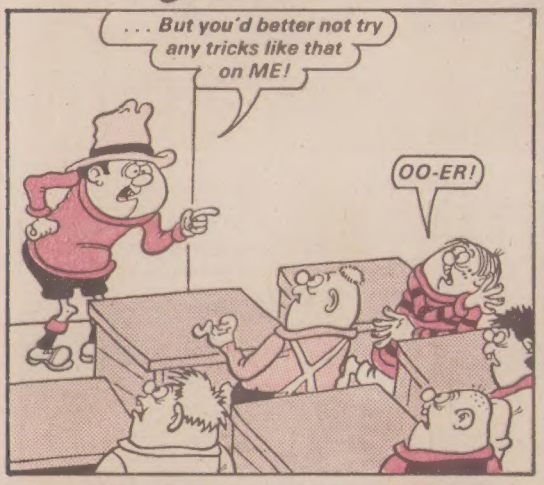
No. 175 June 18th, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 14p

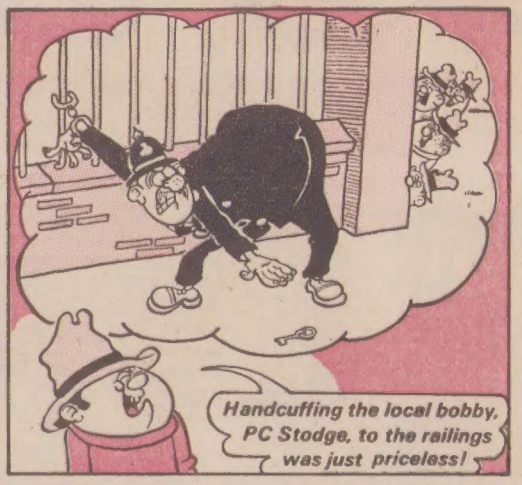
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

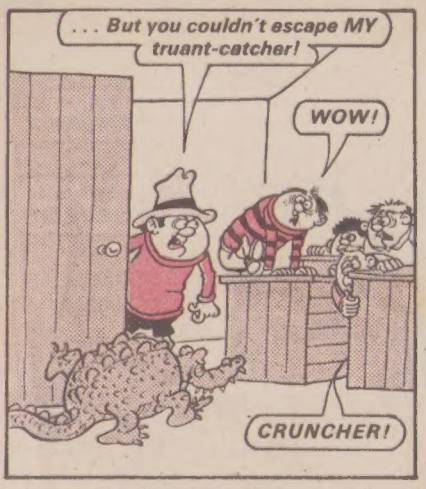

BANANAMAN
POW!
HAVING ICED UP NUTTYTOWN BEACH, JILL FROST AND ICE FLO ARE SENDING OUR HERO ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE, BY HUSKY, BY JINGO!
I wonder what the weather will be like?
RUFF!
OOH! OUCH! It's nice to be dragged over gravel instead of snow for a change.
ROAD WORKS
YEOW! This probably looks painful, Readers—well it's worse than that.
CRUMP!
I'm really getting enTRENCHed in this story.
READER'S LIE
HEY, I know you! You're famous. JIMMY TARBUCK, ain't it?
UGH! Buried under a NAVVY'S LUNCH!
ROAD WORKS
What a LAST DITCH joke!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT WHAT USED TO BE THE BEACH—
What a gloriously cold day for ice bathing.
ICE FLO
JILL FROST
Come on in—the water's lovely. It would freeze the tusks off a walrus.
HEH! This snow is quite good for burying dads actually.
WAAGH! No it's not.
WOW! He looks a real ice BERK!
DELICIOUS COLD DOGS WITH CHILLY SAUCE
HURRY NOW! Tastiest cold dogs you ever THAW!
AARGH! Must've bitten the dog's collar.
PRICES FROZEN ALL SUMMER!
PLEASE SHIVER YOUR WAY TO THE CENTRE PAGES.

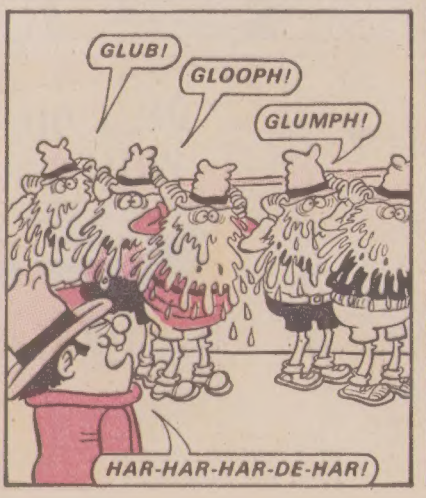
JAY R. HOOD

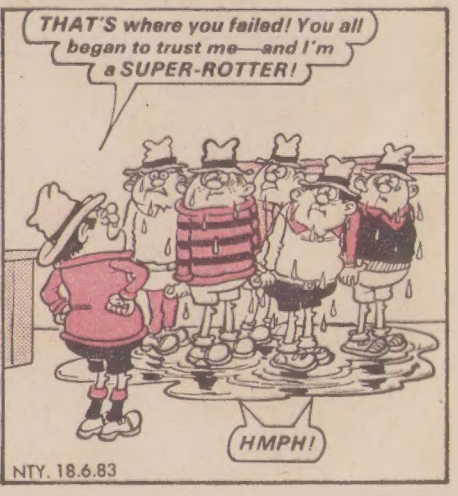
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!



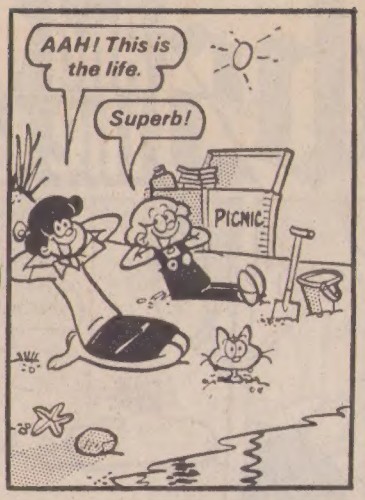








PETER Pest


AAH! This is the life.
Superb!
PICNIC

Pass me a butty, Peter.
Will do, Sis.
PICNIC

GROOGH! It's full of SAND!
Well, it is a SANDwich, Sis. HO! HO!
CRUNCHY GRIND!

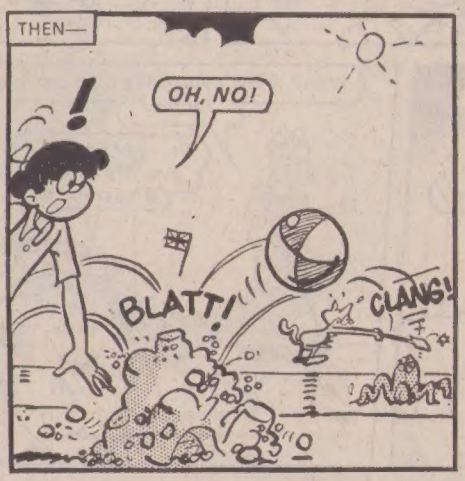
PEST! I'm off for a paddle.
PICNIC

YAROOO!
What is it, Sis?

GOSH! You've stood on a crab—hope you haven't hurt him.
NIP!
It's ME who's hurt!

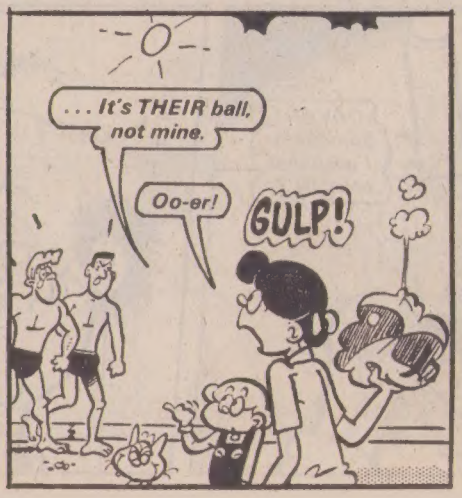
GRR! I'm going to build a sandcastle—you stay well clear.
Of course!

SOON...
It's lovely!


THEN—
OH, NO!
BLATT!
CLANG!

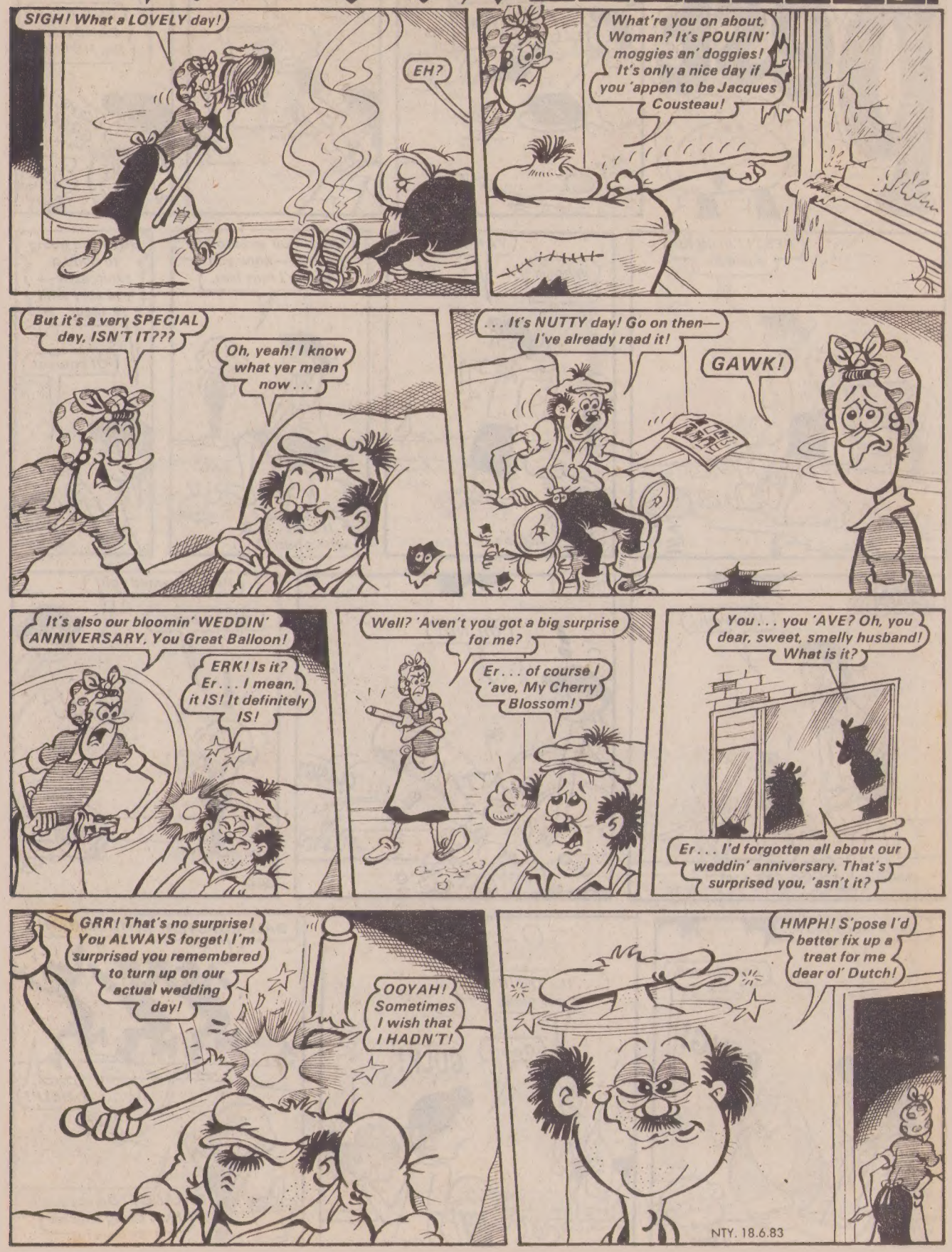
Pest, I warned you!
But . . . but . . .

This'll teach you . . .
Fair enough, Sis.
BANG!
NTY. 18.6.83


. . . It's THEIR ball, not mine.
Oo-er!
GULP!

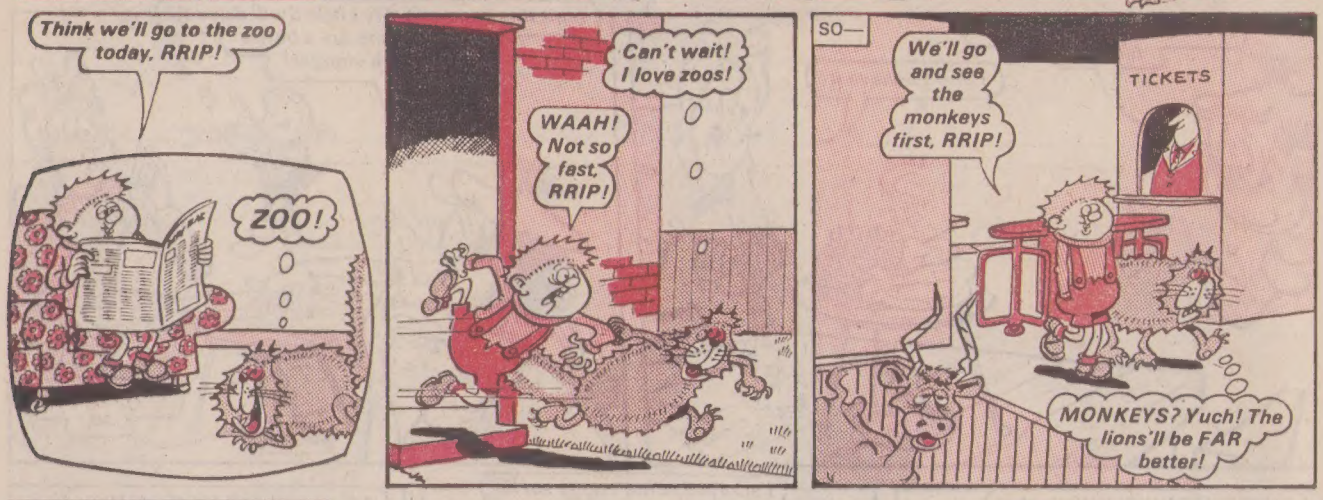
BALL-BURSTER!
HOOLIGAN!
HELP!
STRANGE! Doris usually likes being chased by boys!

The Snobbs And the SLOBBS

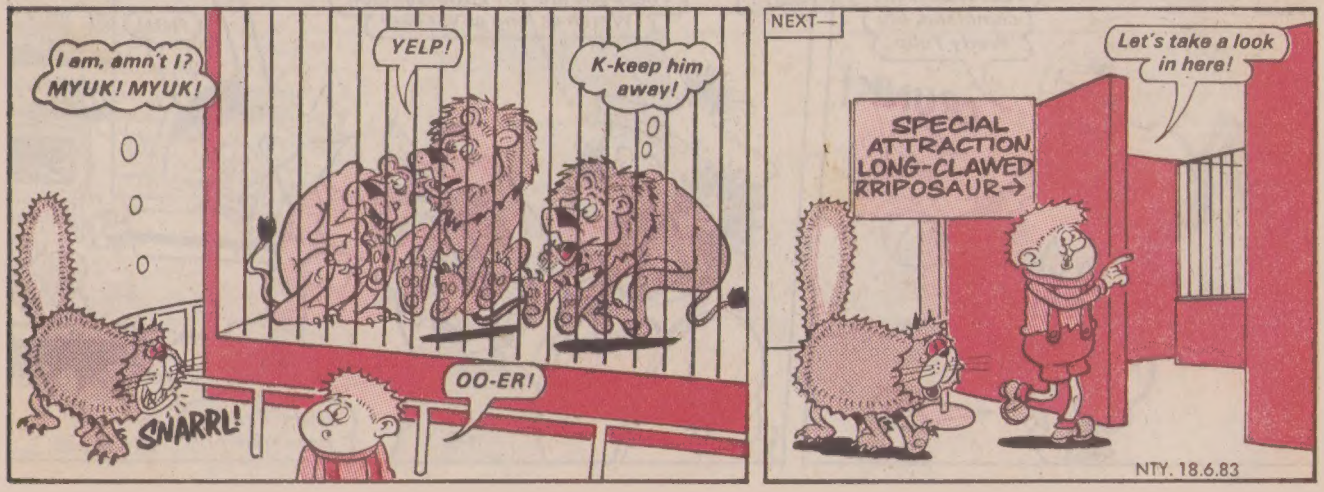

SIGH! What a LOVELY day!
EH?
What're you on about, Woman? It's POURIN' moggies an' doggies! It's only a nice day if you 'appen to be Jacques Cousteau!
But it's a very SPECIAL day, ISN'T IT???
Oh, yeah! I know what yer mean now . . .
. . . It's NUTTY day! Go on then— I've already read it!
GAWK!
It's also our bloomin' WEDDIN' ANNIVERSARY, You Great Balloon!
ERK! Is it? Er . . . I mean, it IS! It definitely IS!
Well? 'Aven't you got a big surprise for me?
Er . . . of course I 'ave, My Cherry Blossom!
You . . . you 'AVE? Oh, you dear, sweet, smelly husband! What is it?
Er . . . I'd forgotten all about our weddin' anniversary. That's surprised you, 'asn't it?
GRR! That's no surprise! You ALWAYS forget! I'm surprised you remembered to turn up on our actual wedding day!
OOYAH! Sometimes I wish that I HADN'T!
HMPH! S'pose I'd better fix up a treat for me dear ol' Dutch!
NTY. 18.6.83

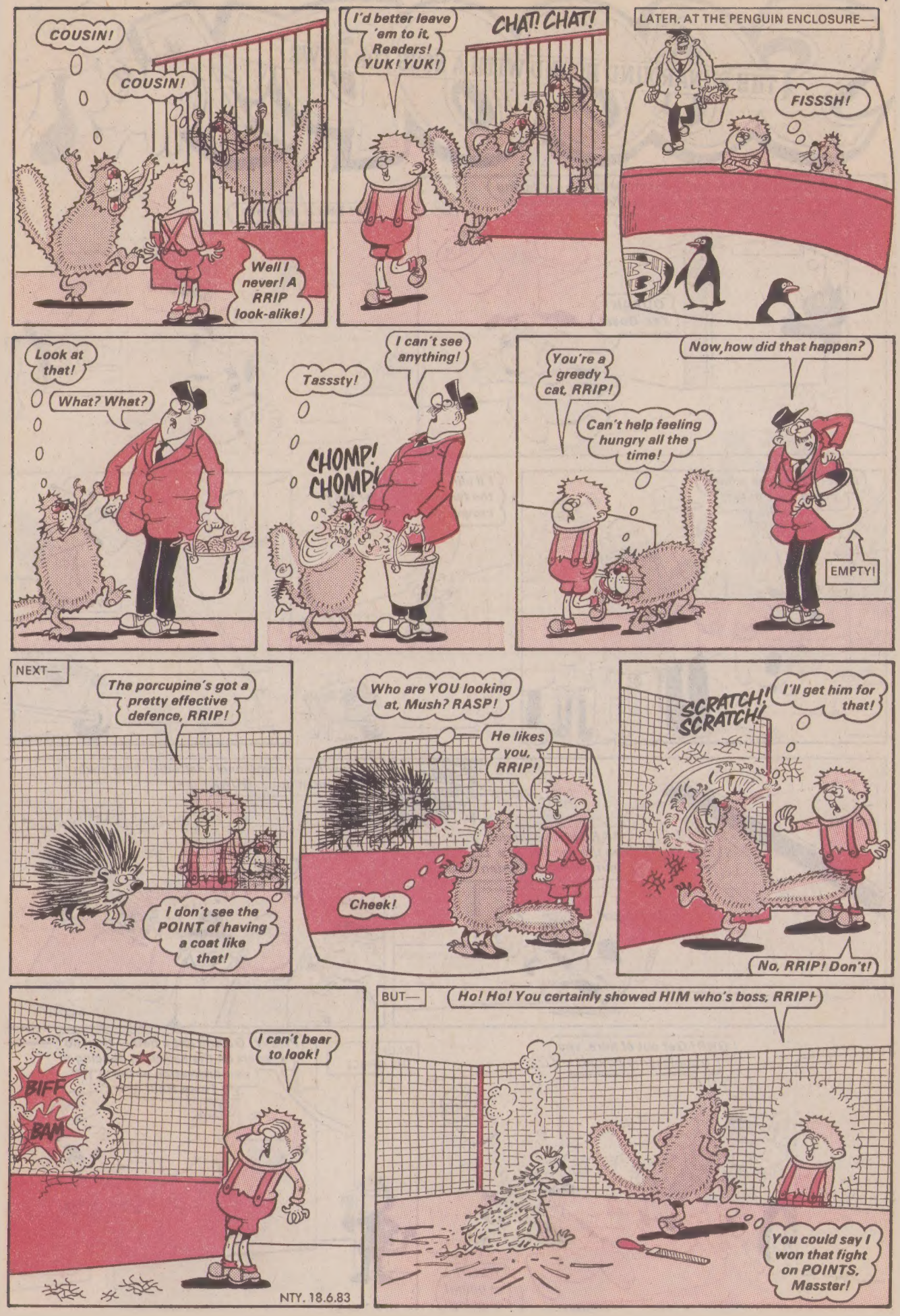
LATER—
WAIL! SCREECH! SCRAPE!
ERK! WHASSAT? Sounds like someone's stranglin' the cat only we don't 'AVE a cat!
AND—
'APPY ANNIVERSARY, My Treasure Chest! I've arranged for some romantic music . .
SCRAPE
SCREECH!
. . . And a candle-lit dinner for two.
I don't believe it!
Isn't this romantic, My Little Swill Bucket? Jus' you an' me an' a bottle o' vintage vinegar!
Er . . . I s'pose so.
TWITCH! SNIFF! What's that peculiar pong?
AFTERSHAVE, My Plum Duff!
I sprayed some on me socks especially for you! It's called "Skunk No. 5."!
PHEW!
An' now for my big treat. How d'you fancy all the trappin's of a rich life-style, with every comfort money can buy?
COO! SOOPER!
SO—
Your wish is my command, My Pretty Tulip!
CRUNK!
EH?
AND—
There you are, My Little Gumboil. Watch as long as yer like!
HOI!
SIGH! I might have known!
NTY. 18.6.83

NIP and RRIP


Think we'll go to the zoo today, RRIP!
ZOO!
Can't wait! I love zoos!
WAAH! Not so fast, RRIP!
SO—
We'll go and see the monkeys first, RRIP!
TICKETS
MONKEYS? Yuch! The lions'll be FAR better!

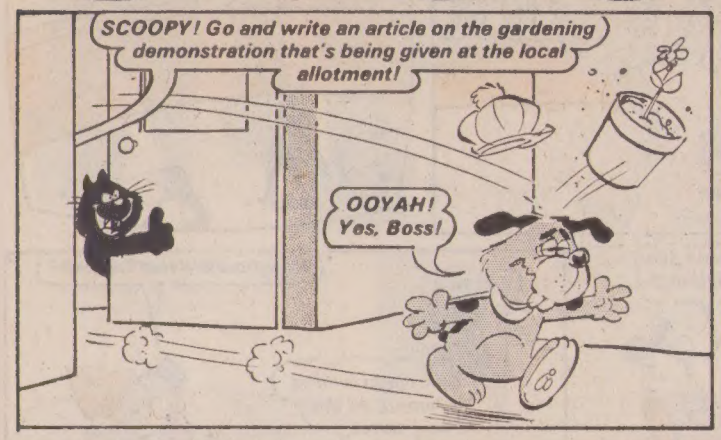
MONKEYS!
LIONS!
MONKEYS!
LIONS!
SNNARRL!
Er... O-okay! L-lions it is!
What a ferociously wild animal!

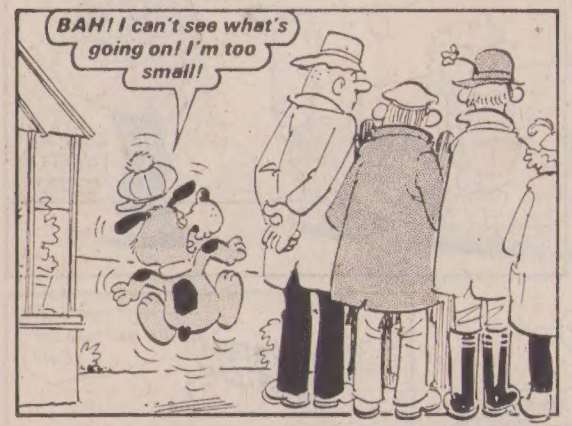

I am, amn't I? MYUK! MYUK!
YELP!
K-keep him away!
OO-ER!
SNARRL!
NEXT—
Let's take a look in here!
SPECIAL ATTRACTION LONG-CLAWED RRIPOSAUR→
NTY. 18.6.83

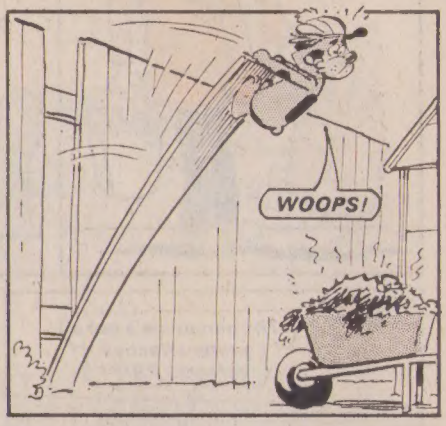

COUSIN!
COUSIN!
Well I never! A RRIP look-alike!
I'd better leave 'em to it, Readers! YUK! YUK!
CHAT! CHAT!
LATER, AT THE PENGUIN ENCLOSURE—
FISSSH!
Look at that!
What? What?
Tasssty!
I can't see anything!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
You're a greedy cat, RRIP!
Can't help feeling hungry all the time!
Now, how did that happen?
EMPTY!
NEXT—
The porcupine's got a pretty effective defence, RRIP!
I don't see the POINT of having a coat like that!
Who are YOU looking at, Mush? RASP!
He likes you, RRIP!
Cheek!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
I'll get him for that!
No, RRIP! Don't!
BIFF
BAM
I can't bear to look!
NTY. 18.6.83
BUT—
Ho! Ho! You certainly showed HIM who's boss, RRIP!
You could say I won that fight on POINTS, Masster!

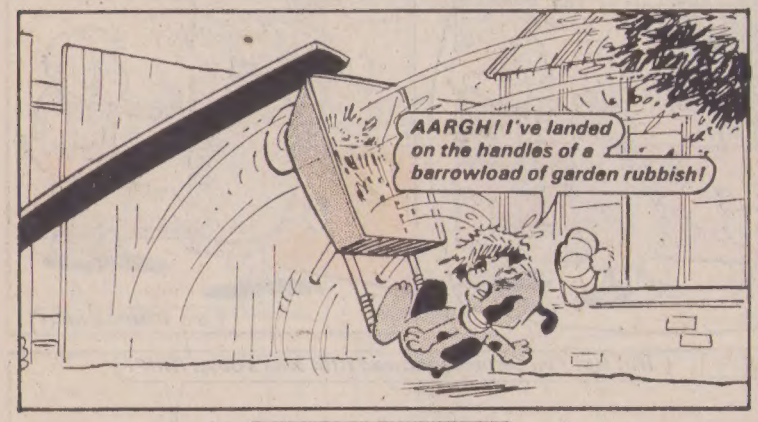
SCOOPY

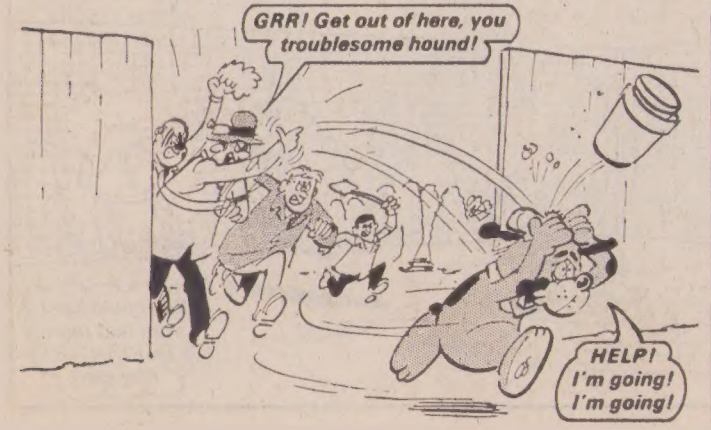
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

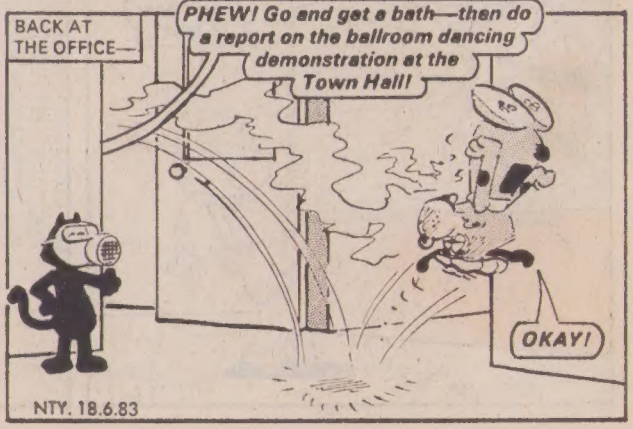


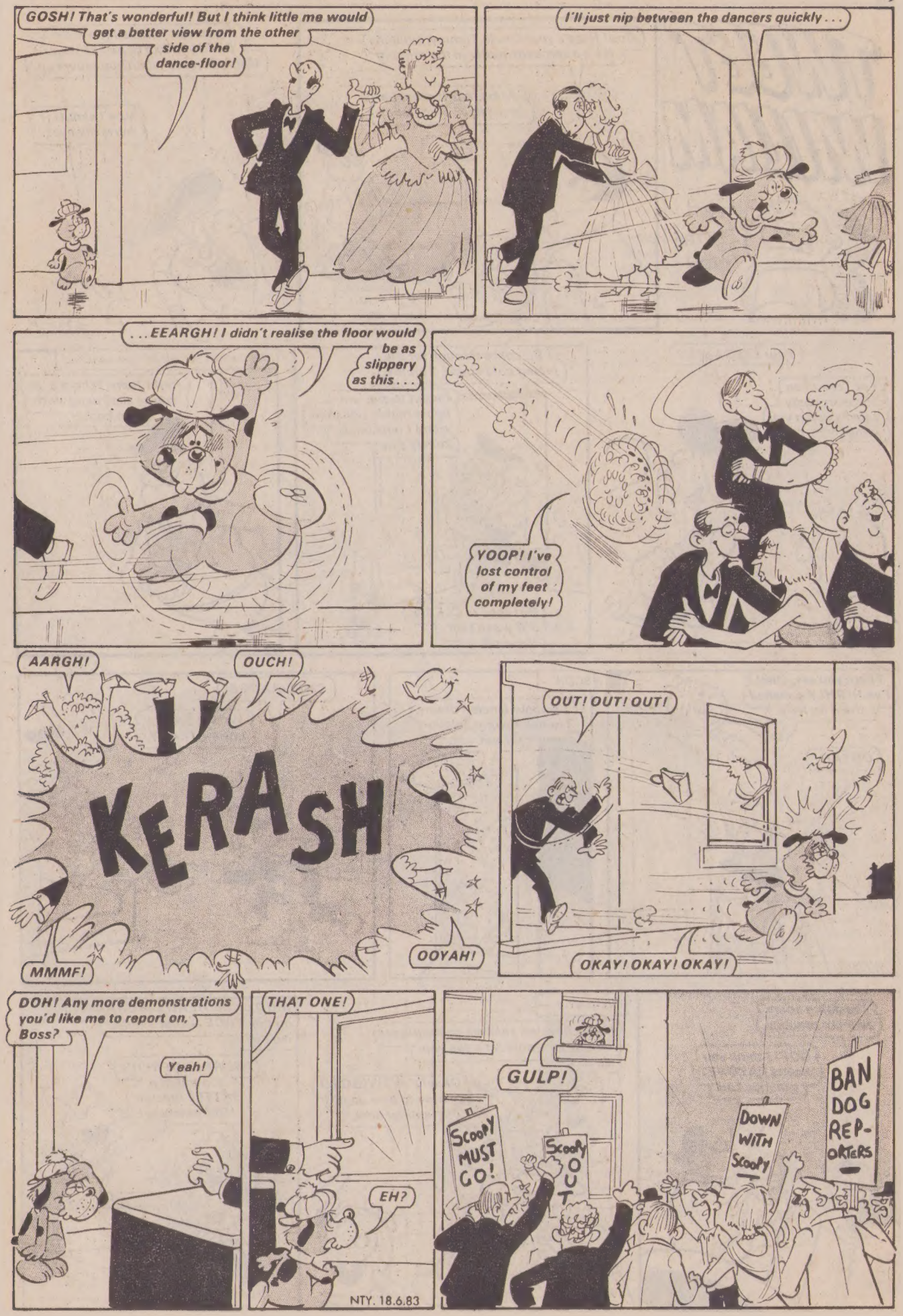




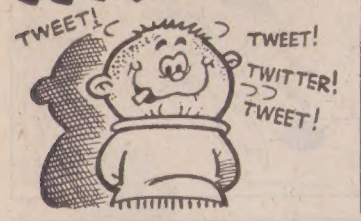


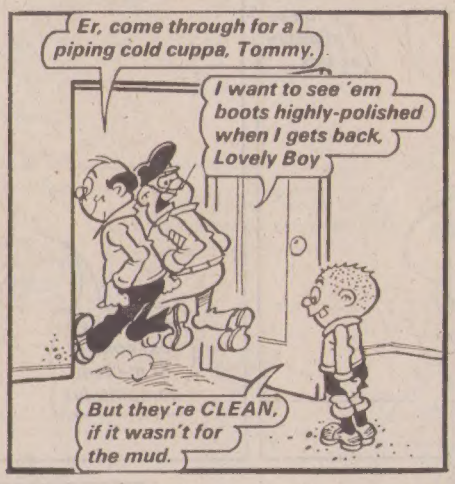


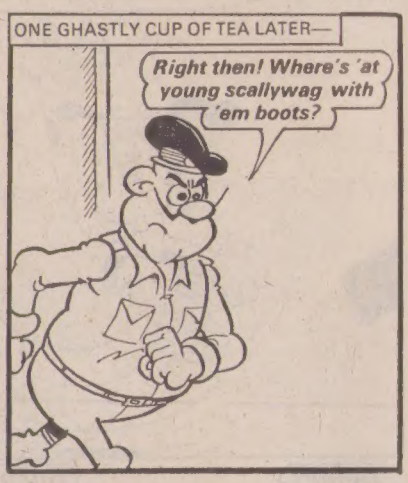

BACK AT THE OFFICE—
PHEW! Go and get a bath—then do a report on the ballroom dancing demonstration at the Town Hall!
OKAY!
NTY. 18.6.83

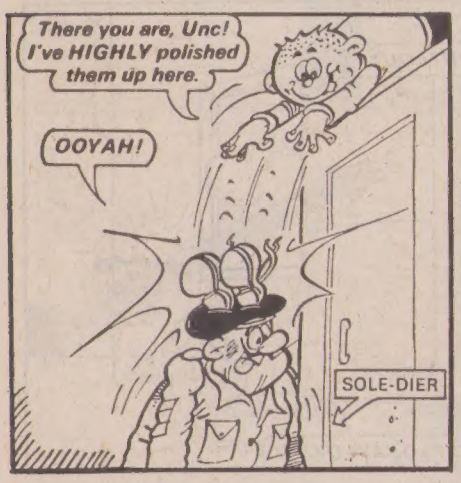

GOSH! That's wonderful! But I think little me would get a better view from the other side of the dance-floor!
I'll just nip between the dancers quickly . . .
. . . EEARGH! I didn't realise the floor would be as slippery as this . . .
YOOP! I've lost control of my feet completely!
AARGH!
OUCH!
KERASH
MMMF!
OOYAH!
OUT! OUT! OUT!
OKAY! OKAY! OKAY!
DOH! Any more demonstrations you'd like me to report on, Boss?
Yeah!
THAT ONE!
EH?
NTY. 18.6.83
GULP!
SCOOBY MUST GO!
SCOOBY OUT
DOWN WITH SCOOBY
BAN DOG REPORTERS

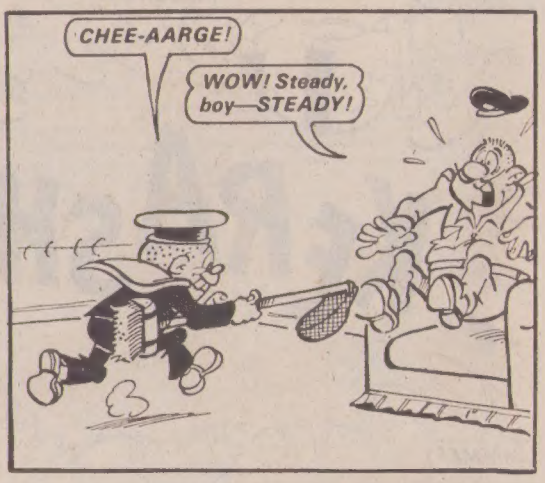
TWEET WILLIAM

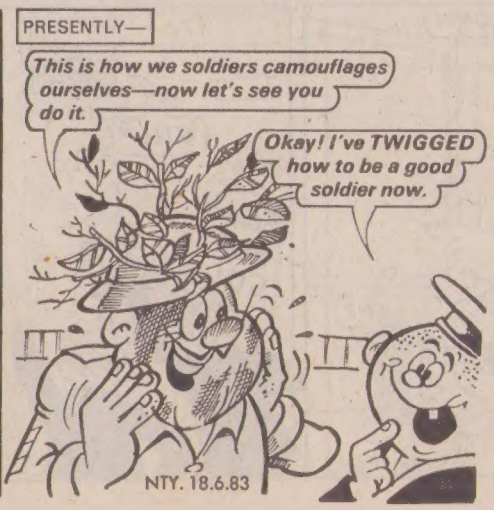


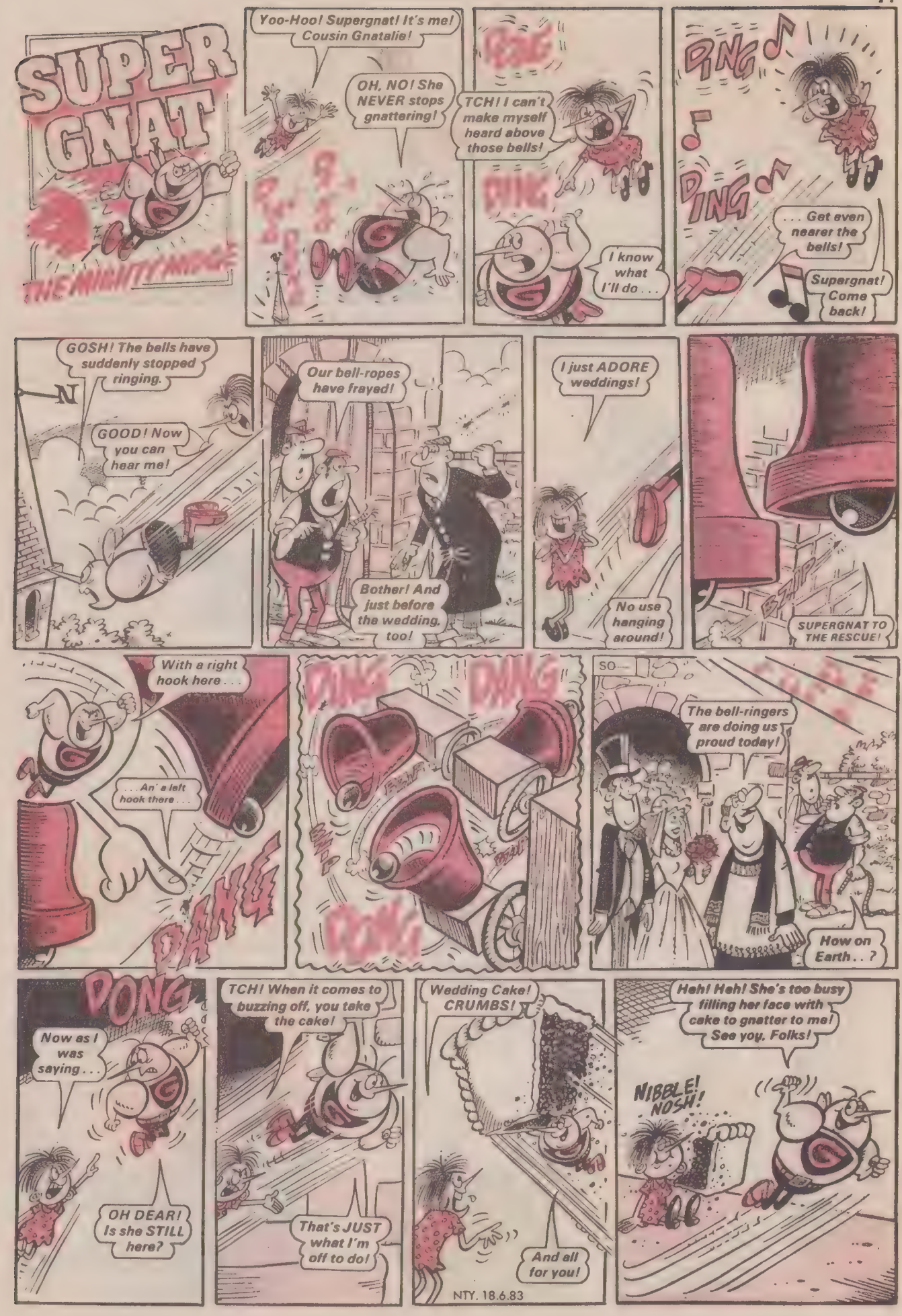

Er, come through for a piping cold cuppa, Tommy.
I want to see 'em boots highly-polished when I gets back, Lovely Boy
But they're CLEAN, if it wasn't for the mud.








PRESENTLY—
This is how we soldiers camouflages ourselves—now let's see you do it.
Okay! I've TWIGGED how to be a good soldier now.
NTY. 18.6.83


SUPER GNAT
THE MIGHTY MIDGE
Yoo-Hoo! Supergnat! It's me! Cousin Gnatalie!
OH, NO! She NEVER stops gnattering!
TCH! I can't make myself heard above those bells!
I know what I'll do . . .
DING
DING
. . . Get even nearer the bells!
Supergnat! Come back!
GOSH! The bells have suddenly stopped ringing.
GOOD! Now you can hear me!
Our bell-ropes have frayed!
Bother! And just before the wedding, too!
I just ADORE weddings!
No use hanging around!
SUPERGNAT TO THE RESCUE!
With a right hook here . . .
. . . An' a left hook there . . .
BANG
DONG
DONG
SO—
The bell-ringers are doing us proud today!
How on Earth . . ?
DONG
Now as I was saying . . .
OH DEAR! Is she STILL here?
TCH! When it comes to buzzing off, you take the cake!
That's JUST what I'm off to do!
Wedding Cake! CRUMBS!
And all for you!
Heh! Heh! She's too busy filling her face with cake to gnatter to me! See you, Folks!
NIBBLE! NOSH!
NTY. 18.6.83

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER

And now, Gentlemen, what do you think of our bathing beauties? COLD stuff, eh?

RUBBISH! Get them off!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DITCH—

I won't CHICKEN out! LETTUCE at those frosty-faced fiends.

Spoken like a prat!

Hmm! No sign of them. I may as well watch the Punch 'n' Judy show.

HEY! You're not on these pages to ENJOY yourself, Bananabonce!

That's the way to do it!

ZOINKS!

You've no chance of defeating us, Bananaman.

Cackle!

GALLOPING ICICLES! It's THEM!

HUH! Fancy a superhero like you being knocked over by a snowball!

It wasn't so much the snow as this STEEL ball inside it!

SUDDENLY

Quick! Before they're sold out.

Women and steeplejacks first.

Argh! Where's everybody going? This story isn't nearly finished yet.

Pity!

Here, take all of my money—just give me any size!

DEPARTMENT STORE

Me next!

SHEE! Last time I saw a crush like that was getting off an Aberdeen bus when there was going to be a collection for the driver.

Thank you, Folks. You've made a sound inVESTment there.

PRICES FROZEN

The fiendess is making a fortune out of thermal undies!

We won't feel the cold now.

Back to the beach.

MOMENTS LATER -

If you've any complaints, don't bother us.

THERMAL BATHING SUIT

I'll say one thing for them. They're clever saleswomen.

You paid five hundred quid for that?

These two are dangerous opponents. I may have to use my deadliest weapon—a BIG 'N' BUD joke!

What do you call a cowboy who wears paper trous . . . ULP!

NO, NO! Even THEY don't deserve THAT!

WEATHER CENTRE

Well, okay! Actually I've another idea.

Oh, by the way, in case you didn't know—the answer was "he is called a rustler."

SCREAM!

Put me down. NOBODY in their right mind kidnaps a WEATHERFORECASTER!

TRUE! But I do!

We will now have the long-range weather forecast.

Cough! Are you all sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

. . . The snow and ice and slush and bitter winds will continue for EVER . . .

Obviously! Thanks to us!

HYUK! HYUK!

Belt up! We don't want to hear about it!

Yeah! Some cheerful news that is.

JUST THEN—

GNASH! I'm wrong again!

Weathermen are always wrong! That's why I brought you.

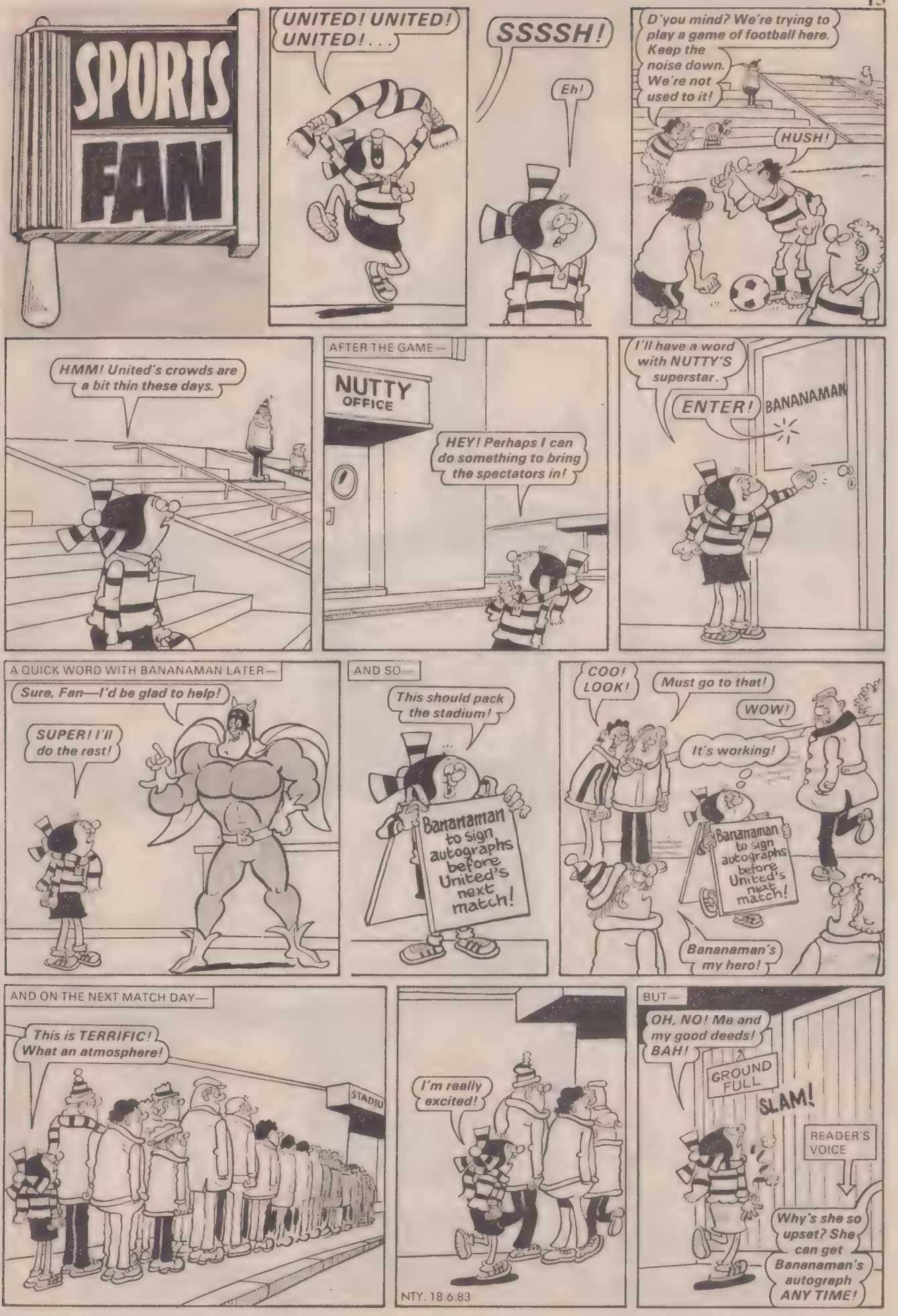
Phew!

HO! HO! Those two should enjoy six months in the COOLER!

FREEZE a jolly good fellow!

NTY. 15 6 83

BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!
IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT, YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!
Send your letters to: BANANAMAN, "NUTTY", P.O. Box 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN.
WE HAD BURGLARS LAST NIGHT!
OH, REALLY?
YES, BUT THEY DON'T TASTE HALF AS GOOD AS MISSIONARIES!
SARAH SYMONDS, NEWBURY
What did the dentist say to his wife as she was making a sponge cake?
"Can I put in the FILLING?"
NIGEL ROGERS, BRISTOL
I'm sure he found it a DRILLING experience, Nigel!
LOST PROPERTY
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO "HEAD OFFICE", SIR!
ANNA-MARIE WOODWARD, CHARLTON.
Dear Bananaman,
One day, I was sitting on a park bench reading my NUTTY, when suddenly, a swallow swooped down from a tree and pinched it. It then flew back up and started to read it. After it had finished reading, it dropped the NUTTY into the park-keeper's fire.
What do you think of that?
GLEN HANRAHAN, HARLOW
I find that rather hard to SWALLOW, Glen!
HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU TO FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT?
MICHAEL WRIGHT, LUTON
P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!


SPORTS FAN
UNITED! UNITED! UNITED!...
SSSSH!
Eh!
D'you mind? We're trying to play a game of football here. Keep the noise down. We're not used to it!
HUSH!
HMM! United's crowds are a bit thin these days.
AFTER THE GAME—
NUTTY OFFICE
HEY! Perhaps I can do something to bring the spectators in!
I'll have a word with NUTTY'S superstar.
ENTER! BANANAMAN
A QUICK WORD WITH BANANAMAN LATER—
Sure, Fan—I'd be glad to help!
SUPER! I'll do the rest!
AND SO—
This should pack the stadium!
Bananaman to sign autographs before United's next match!
COO! LOOK!
Must go to that!
WOW!
It's working!
Bananaman to sign autographs before United's next match!
Bananaman's my hero!
AND ON THE NEXT MATCH DAY—
This is TERRIFIC! What an atmosphere!
STADIU
I'm really excited!
NTY. 18.6.83
BUT—
OH, NO! Me and my good deeds! BAH!
GROUND FULL
SLAM!
READER'S VOICE
Why's she so upset? She can get Bananaman's autograph ANY TIME!

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
T.V.
Ho! Ho!
IDIOT! You're supposed to cringe with terror!
LAUGH!
HA! HA!
T.V.
One false move and you'll be a very wet burglar!
Land ahoy, Cap'n! Land ahoy!
CRASH!
Great! "Jaws" is about to start!
THE END
If this horror movie hasn't scared you, take a look at the TV plug!
How about a cup of tea for a change?
Yes, I could do a party of ten at 60p a head, Sir Despard!
WHUMP!
SSSSS!
I told you not to go as high as this!
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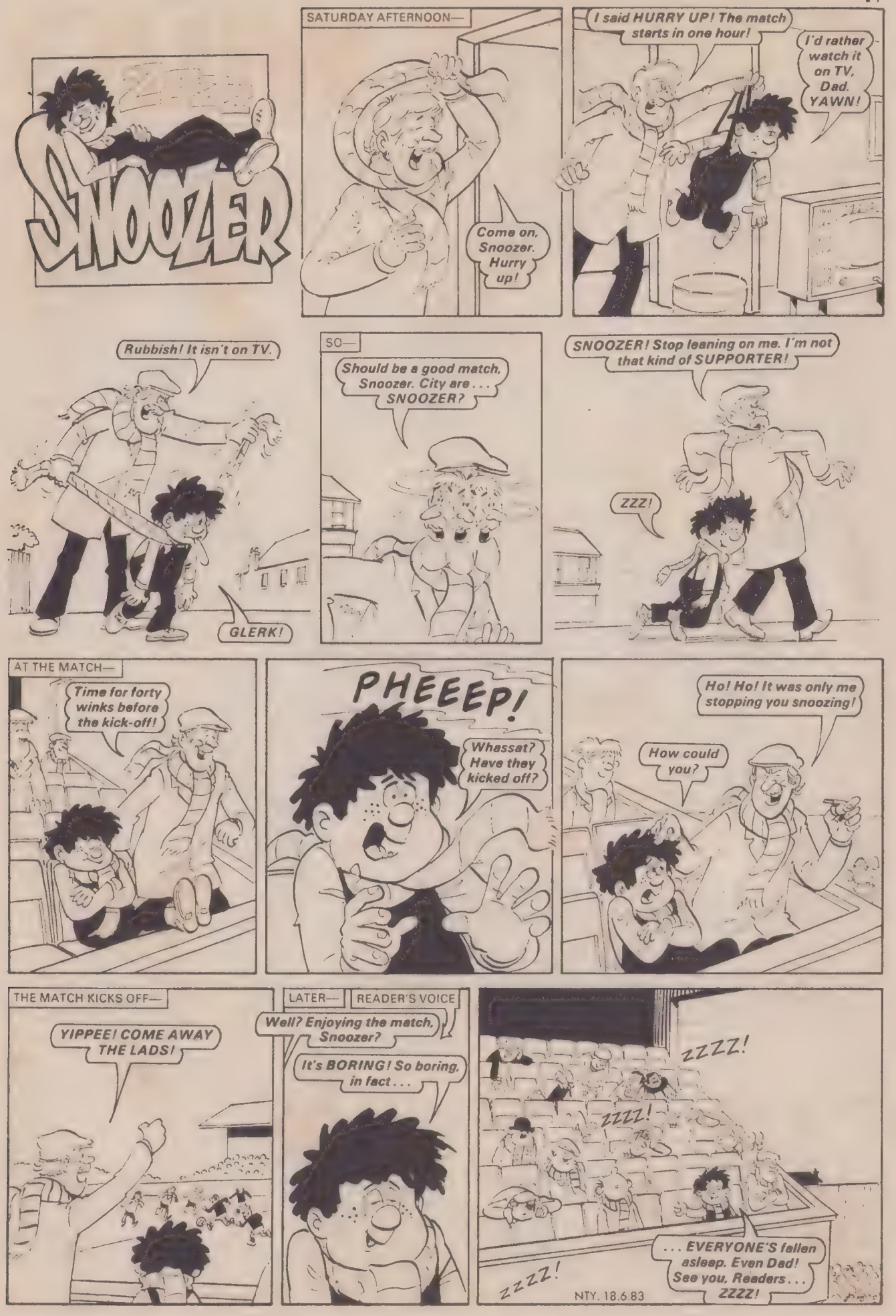
SNOOZER
SATURDAY AFTERNOON—
Come on, Snoozer. Hurry up!
I said HURRY UP! The match starts in one hour!
I'd rather watch it on TV, Dad. YAWN!
Rubbish! It isn't on TV.
GLERK!
SO—
Should be a good match, Snoozer. City are . . . SNOOZER?
SNOOZER! Stop leaning on me. I'm not that kind of SUPPORTER!
ZZZ!
AT THE MATCH—
Time for forty winks before the kick-off!
PHEEEP!
Whassat? Have they kicked off?
Ho! Ho! It was only me stopping you snoozing!
How could you?
THE MATCH KICKS OFF—
YIPPEE! COME AWAY THE LADS!
LATER—
READER'S VOICE
Well? Enjoying the match, Snoozer?
It's BORING! So boring, in fact . . .
ZZZZ!
ZZZZ!
ZZZZ!
. . . EVERYONE'S fallen asleep. Even Dad! See you, Readers . . . ZZZZ!
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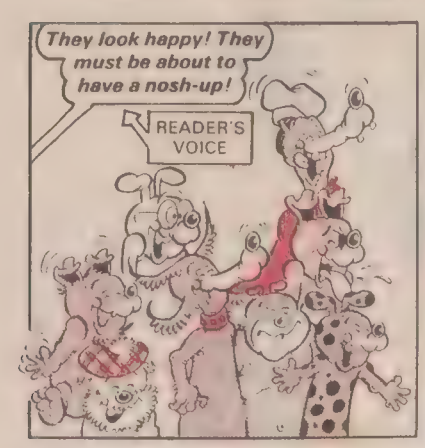
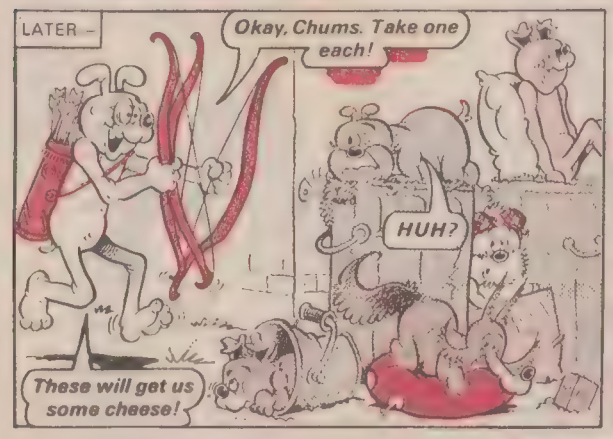
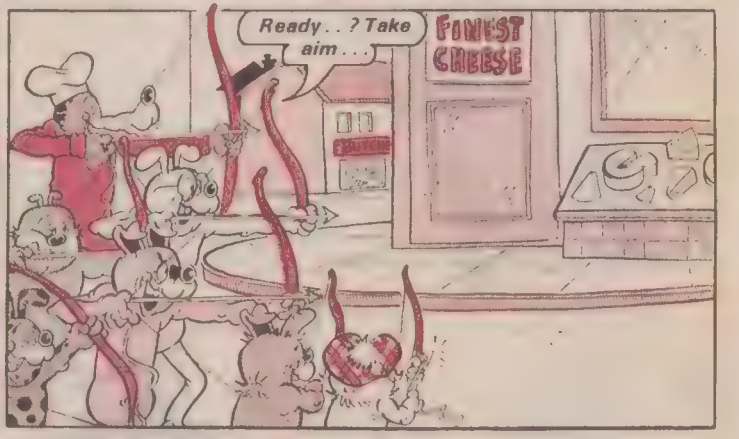
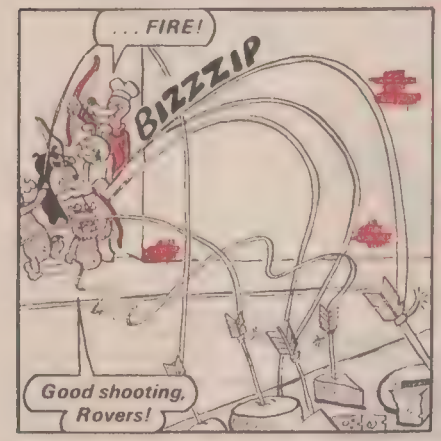
THE WILD

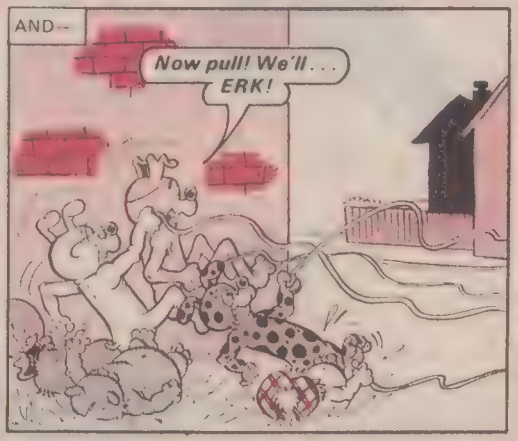
HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH PATCH LADY

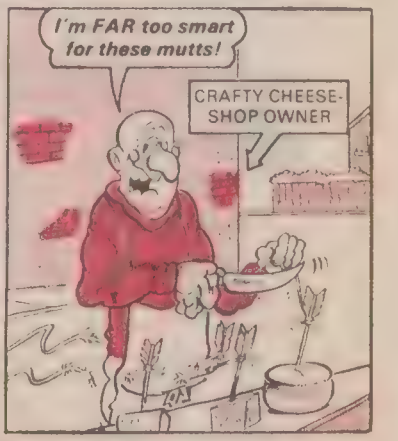


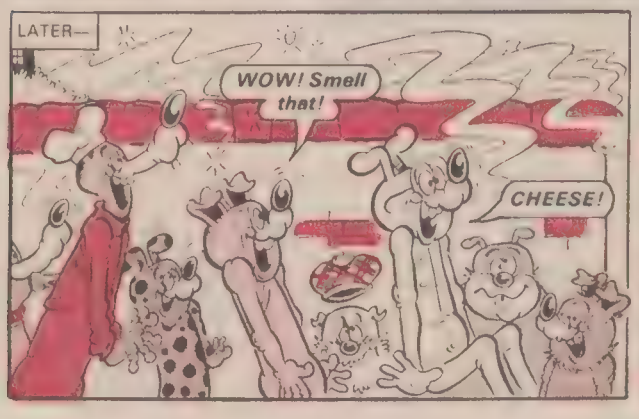








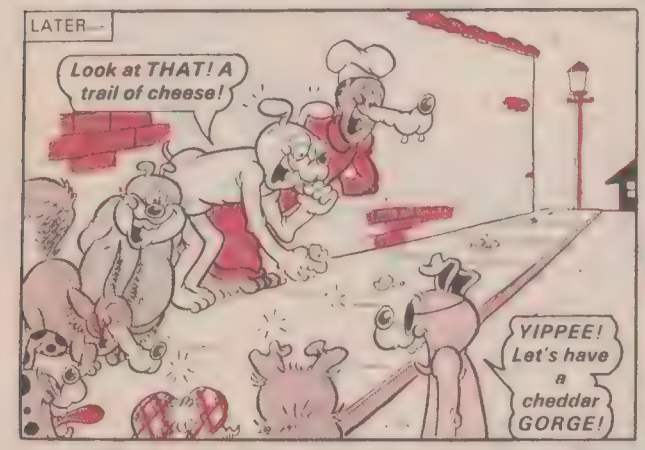




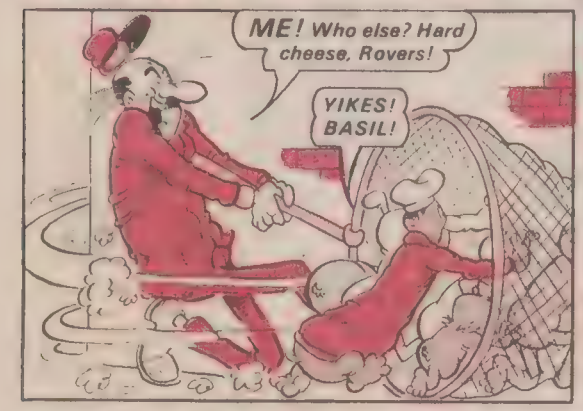
ROVERS
DOGSBODY
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
HAGGIS
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

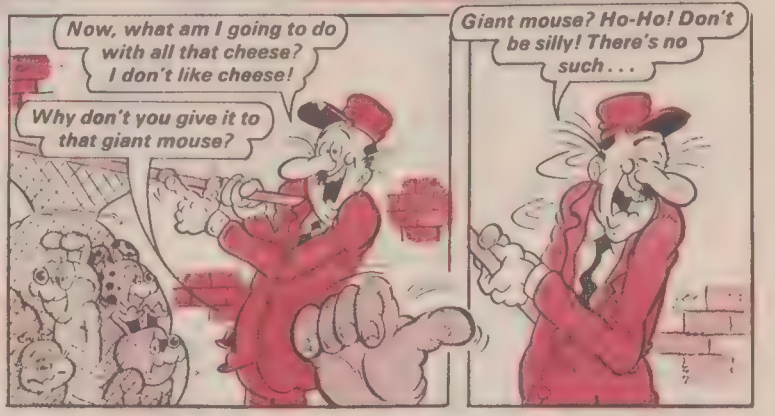
BUT--
RETREAT! RETREAT!
Why are you running away, Rovers?

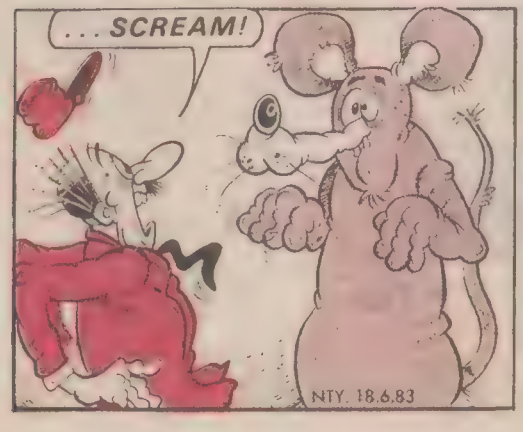
THAT'S why! POOH!
CHEESEY GUFF
Hi, Folks!
PA SLOBB! YUCH!


LATER--
Look at THAT! A trail of cheese!
YIPPEE! Let's have a cheddar GORGE!

I wonder what kind person left this for us?


ME! Who else? Hard cheese, Rovers!
YIKES! BASIL!


Now, what am I going to do with all that cheese? I don't like cheese!
Why don't you give it to that giant mouse?
Giant mouse? Ho-Ho! Don't be silly! There's no such . . .


. . . SCREAM!
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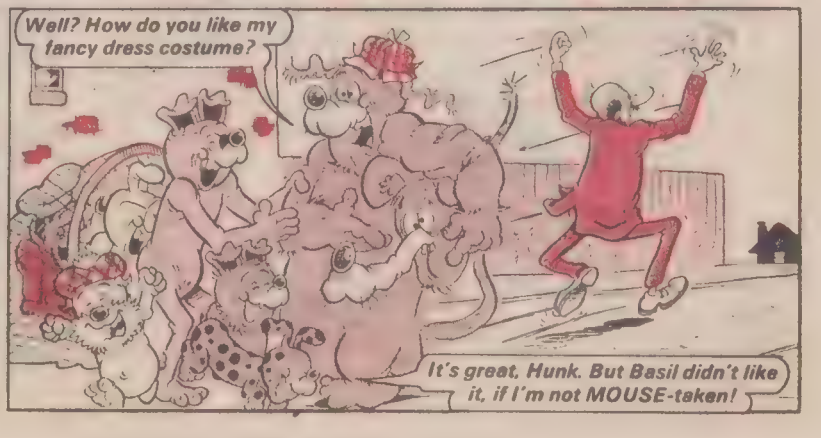
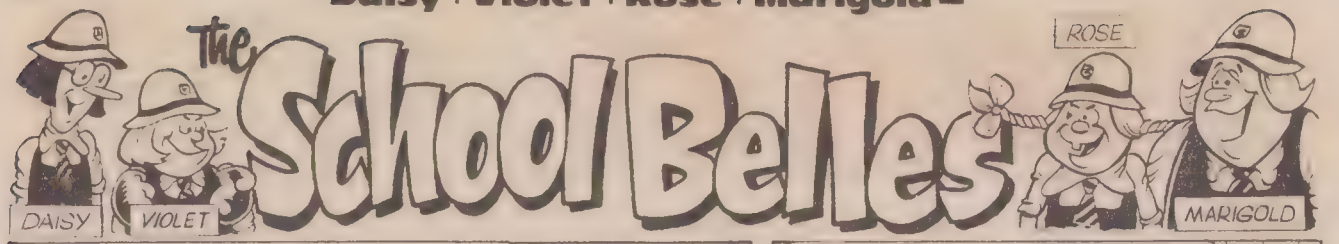
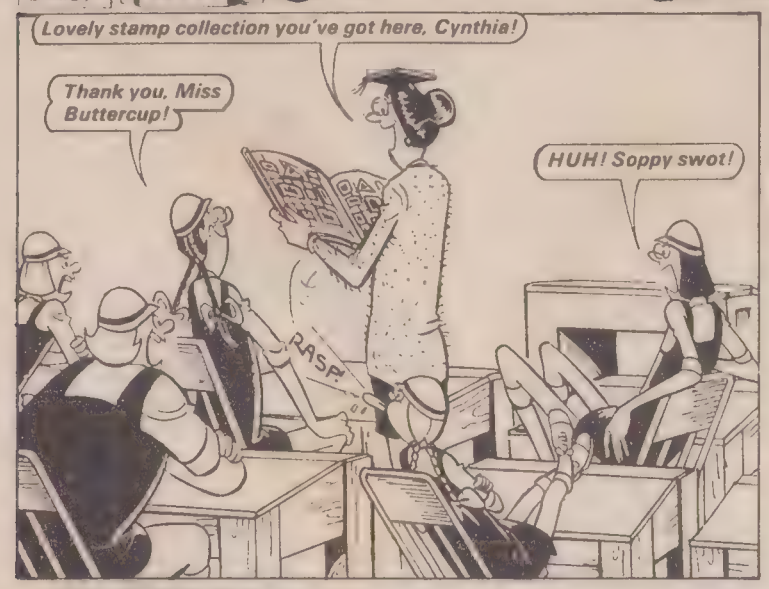
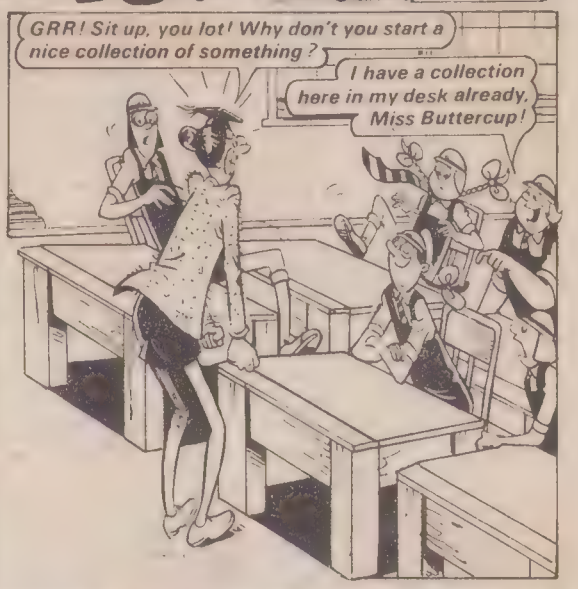

Well? How do you like my fancy dress costume?
It's great, Hunk. But Basil didn't like it, if I'm not MOUSE-taken!

Daisy + Violet + Rose + Marigold =

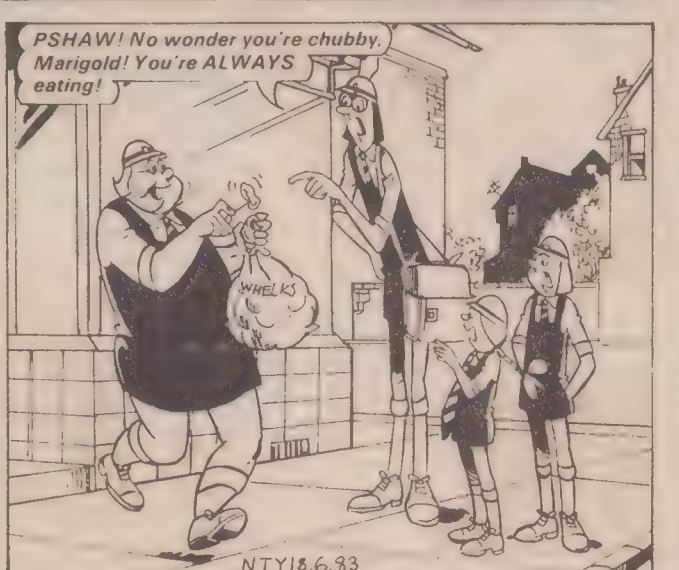
The School Belles



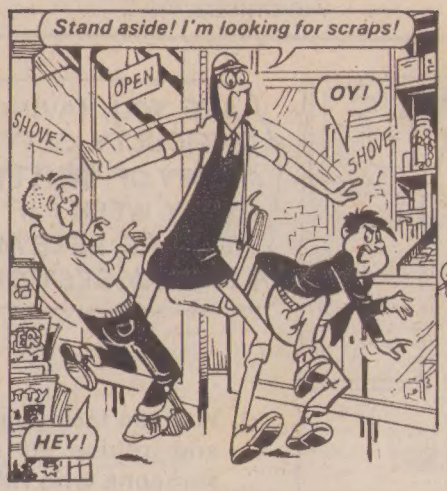


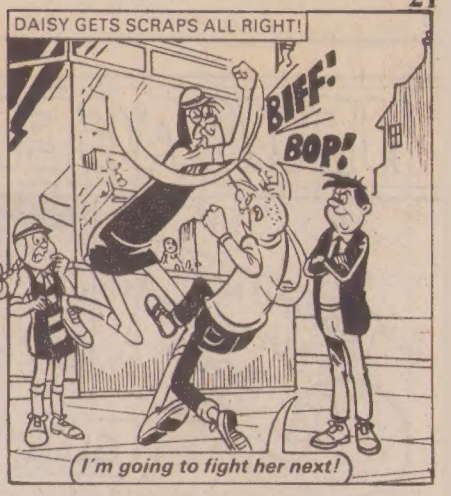

GRR! Sit up, you lot! Why don't you start a nice collection of something?
I have a collection here in my desk already, Miss Buttercup!

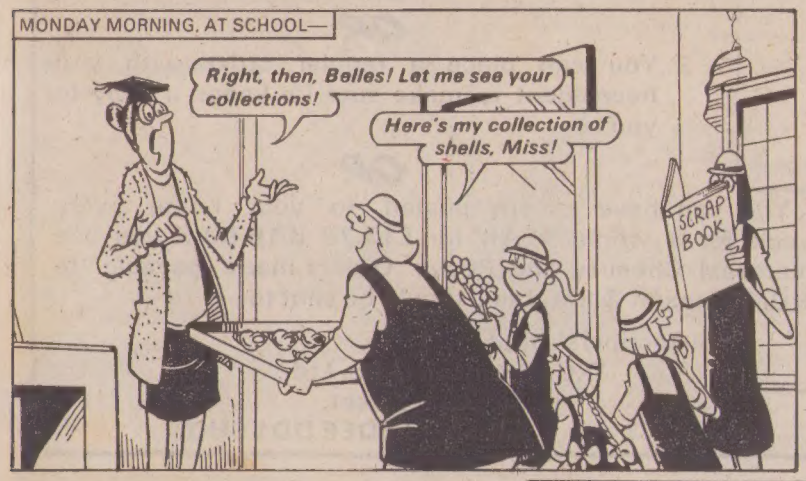
You Belles start a collection this weekend—and I'll see it on Monday. Flowers, shells, stamps, coins—anything educational!
AW, okay, Miss!



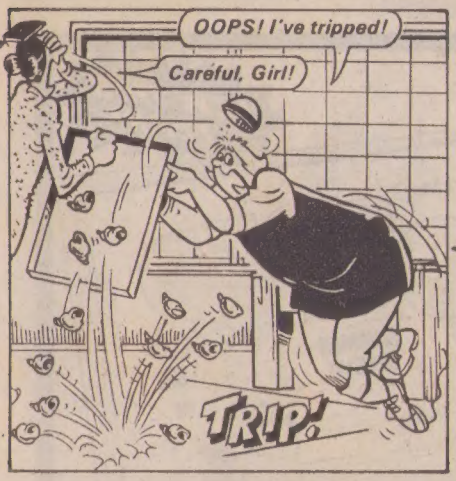
I'm going to collect scraps. Look! There's some nice ones in that shop window.
SCRAP BOOK
SCRAPS


Stand aside! I'm looking for scraps!
OPEN
OY!
SHOVE
SHOVE
HEY!

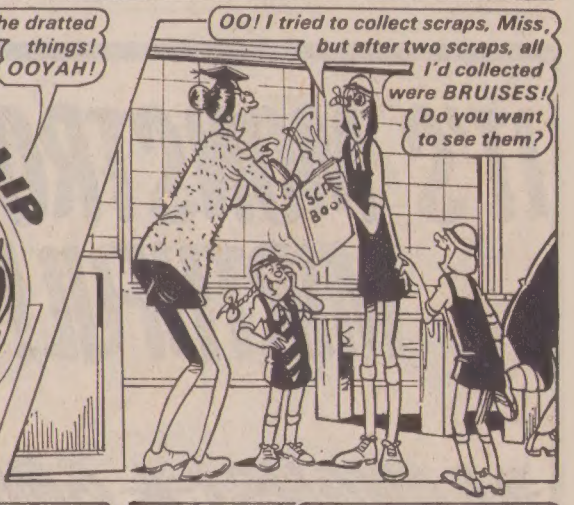

DAISY GETS SCRAPS ALL RIGHT!
BIFF!
BOP!
I'm going to fight her next!


MONDAY MORNING, AT SCHOOL—
Right, then, Belles! Let me see your collections!
Here's my collection of shells, Miss!
SCRAP BOOK

But, Marigold, they're all exactly the same! The idea is to get lots of DIFFERENT shells!
But I only like whelks, Miss B!


OOPS! I've tripped!
Careful, Girl!
TRIP!

AARGH! I've stood on the dratted things! OOYAH!
SLIP


OO! I tried to collect scraps, Miss, but after two scraps, all I'd collected were BRUISES! Do you want to see them?

We collected INSECTS, Miss, but we left our collection outside. Shall we bring it in now?
Yes, do! How interesting!

Meet PaSlobb's dog, Scratcher, Miss! He's got the best collection of FLEAS in town!
AARGH! NO! FLEE!
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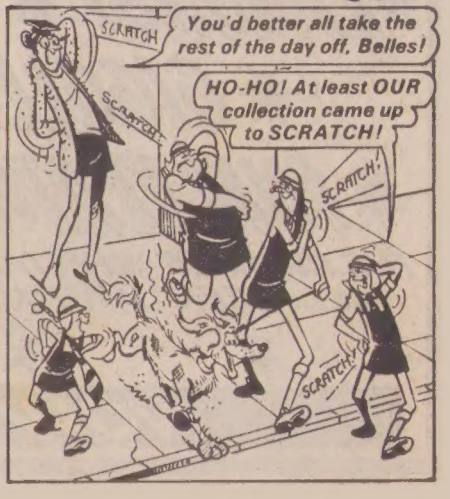
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
You'd better all take the rest of the day off, Belles!
HO-HO! At least OUR collection came up to SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!

ARE YOU HAVING DIFFICULTY GETTING A COPY OF "NUTTY" EVERY WEEK? IF YOU ARE, HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS!

1. You can lock yourself in your room in a big huff and refuse to speak to anyone (especially someone who HAS got a " NUTTY ").

OR

2. You can place a regular order with your newsagent to make sure he keeps a copy for you.

OR

3. You can have a copy posted to your home every week for a whole YEAR for £13.78 (£16.90 if you live overseas). Cheques and Postal Orders made payable to D.C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., should be sent to—

Subscribers' Dept.,
D.C. Thomson & Co. Ltd.,
12 Bank Street,
DUNDEE DD1 9HU.

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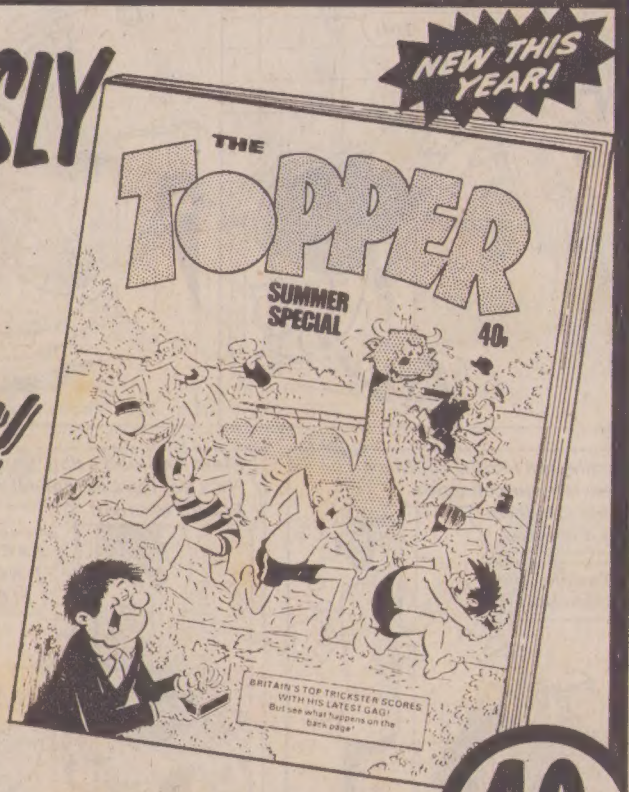
IT'S MONSTROUSLY MIRTHFUL!

NEW THIS YEAR!



*LAUGHS! *GRINS!
*GIGGLES!
*FUN FEATURES!

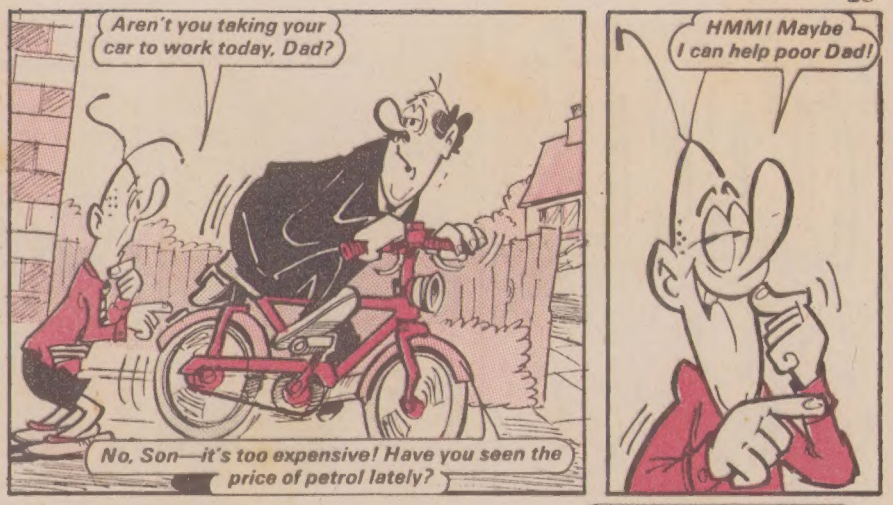
THE SUMMER SPECIAL YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR—

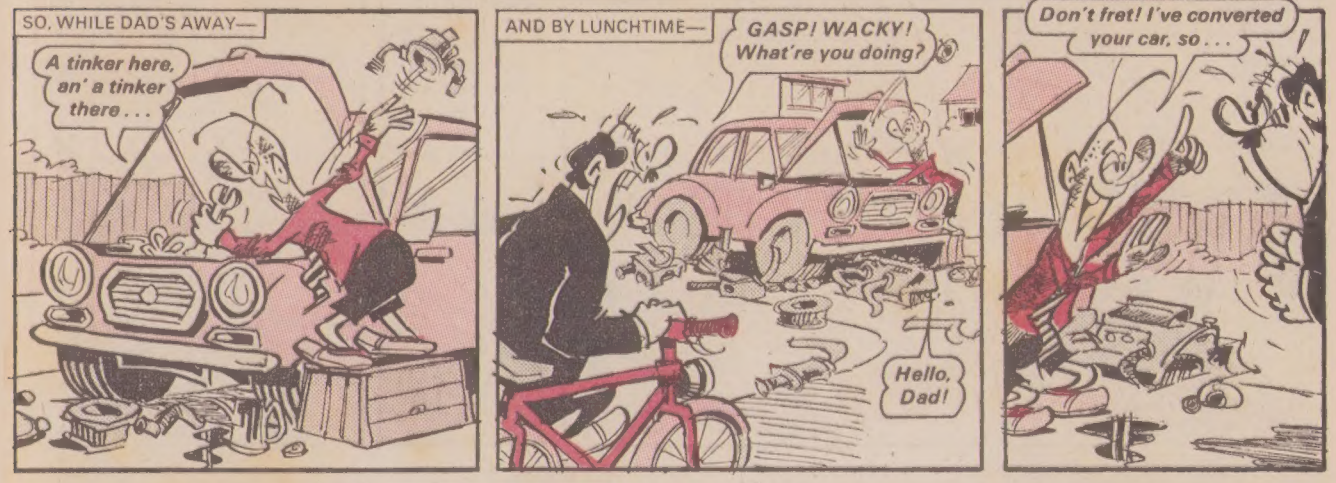
★ ★ ★

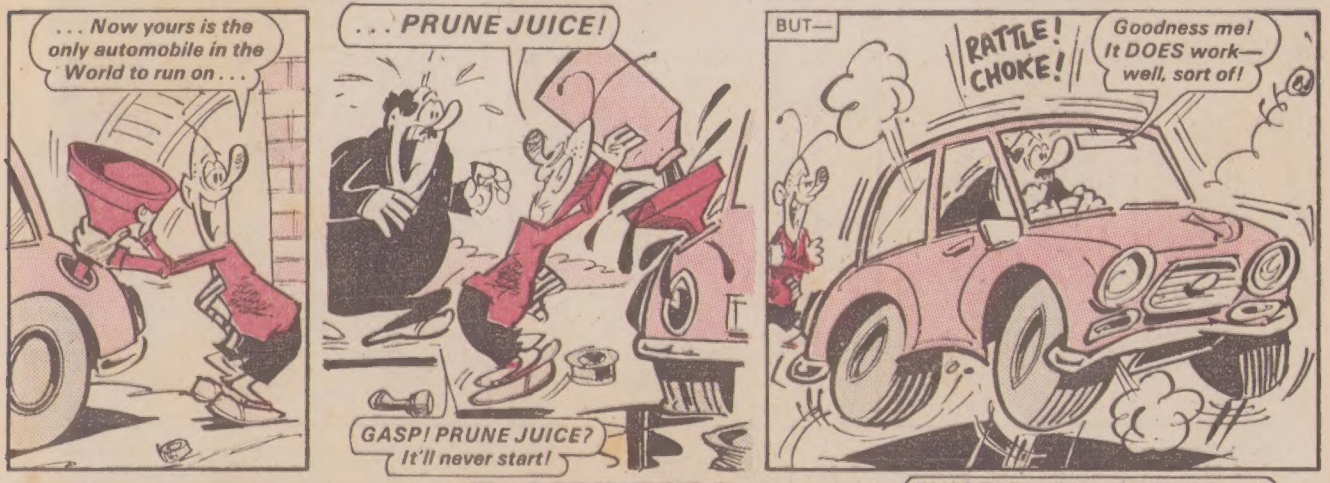
NOW ON SALE

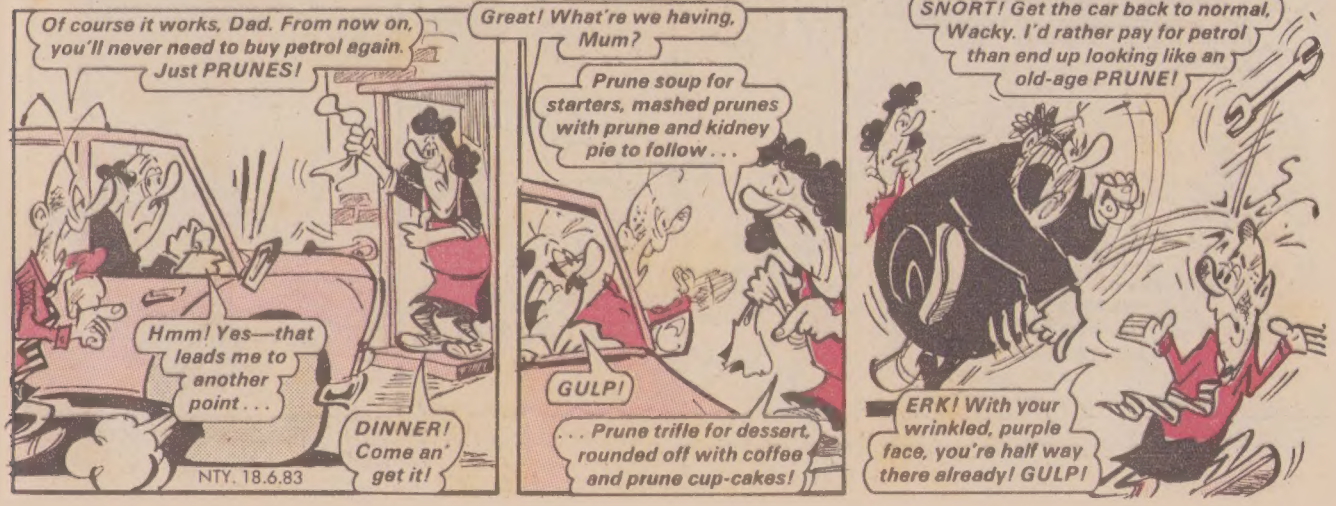
40p

WACKY THE CRACKPOT INVENTOR


Aren't you taking your car to work today, Dad?
No, Son—it's too expensive! Have you seen the price of petrol lately?
HMM! Maybe I can help poor Dad!


SO, WHILE DAD'S AWAY—
A tinker here, an' a tinker there . . .
AND BY LUNCHTIME—
GASP! WACKY! What're you doing?
Hello, Dad!
Don't fret! I've converted your car, so . . .


. . . Now yours is the only automobile in the World to run on . . .
. . . PRUNE JUICE!
GASP! PRUNE JUICE? It'll never start!
BUT—
RATTLE! CHOKE!
Goodness me! It DOES work—well, sort of!


Of course it works, Dad. From now on, you'll never need to buy petrol again. Just PRUNES!
Hmm! Yes—that leads me to another point . . .
DINNER! Come an' get it!
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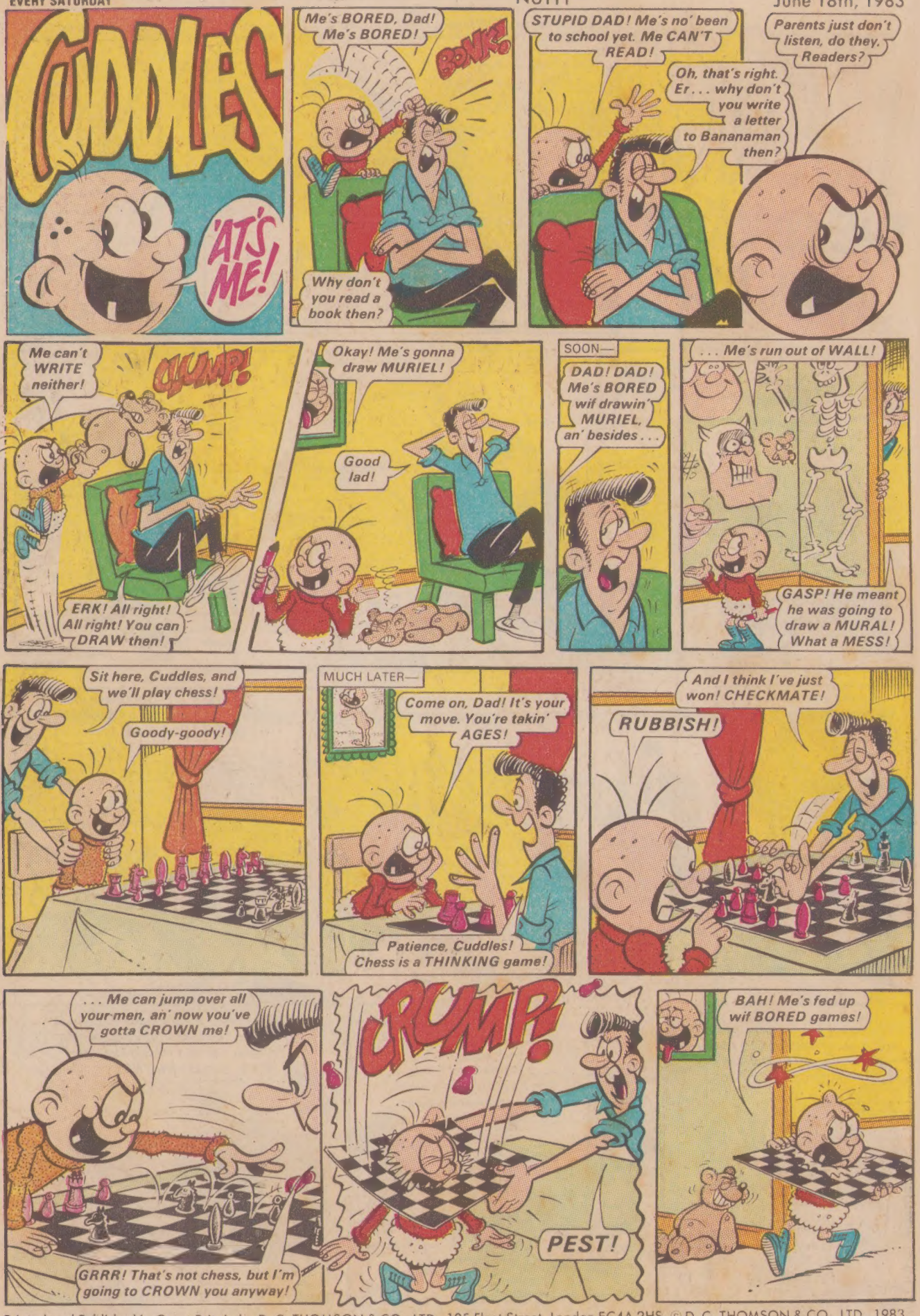
Great! What're we having, Mum?
Prune soup for starters, mashed prunes with prune and kidney pie to follow . . .
GULP!
. . . Prune trifle for dessert, rounded off with coffee and prune cup-cakes!
SNORT! Get the car back to normal, Wacky. I'd rather pay for petrol than end up looking like an old-age PRUNE!
ERK! With your wrinkled, purple face, you're half way there already! GULP!


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Me's BORED, Dad! Me's BORED!
BONK!
Why don't you read a book then?
STUPID DAD! Me's no' been to school yet. Me CAN'T READ!
Oh, that's right. Er . . . why don't you write a letter to Bananaman then?
Parents just don't listen, do they, Readers?
Me can't WRITE neither!
CLUMP!
ERK! All right! All right! You can DRAW then!
Okay! Me's gonna draw MURIEL!
Good lad!
SOON—
DAD! DAD! Me's BORED wif drawin' MURIEL, an' besides . . .
. . . Me's run out of WALL!
GASP! He meant he was going to draw a MURAL! What a MESS!
Sit here, Cuddles, and we'll play chess!
Goody-goody!
MUCH LATER—
Come on, Dad! It's your move. You're takin' AGES!
Patience, Cuddles! Chess is a THINKING game!
And I think I've just won! CHECKMATE!
RUBBISH!
. . . Me can jump over all your men, an' now you've gotta CROWN me!
GRRR! That's not chess, but I'm going to CROWN you anyway!
CRUMP!
PEST!
BAH! Me's fed up wif BORED games!

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